

Youth

FEBRUARY 18, 1962

HOW TO BE YOURSELF
IF JESUS WERE ALIVE TODAY
SEMINAR ON BROTHERHOOD



Youth

February 18, 1962

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JESUS WERE ALIVE TODAY

“WHAT’S so terrible about my disagreeing with my Sunday school teacher? If I think Mrs. Smith is wrong, shouldn’t I say what I believe?” Ted and his father sat alone at the table talking. Everyone else in the family had left the dining room.

“How did this whole thing get started?”

“Well, Dad, last Saturday night a gang of us went to see this new Bible movie, *King of Kings*. The movie itself wasn’t so bad, but it wasn’t so good either. Some of us felt that the guy who played the part of Jesus in the movie did a lousy job. On Sunday, when I told Mrs. Smith this, she got excited.”

Ted’s father smiled a little. “I don’t blame her, Son.”

“Well, I didn’t exactly use the word, ‘lousy.’ I simply said that I felt that the movie had failed to portray the true spirit of Christ. What’s wrong with that, Dad?”

“Has Mrs. Smith seen the movie yet?”

“Yes, she thought it was wonderful. She thought that Jesus was beautifully portrayed. She liked his long, flowing hair, his young face, and his piercing blue eyes. She said that his physical appearance was very typical of the modern portraits of Jesus. It was just what she had imagined Jesus would look like. Then, in all seriousness, I asked why was Jesus the only man shown in the movie with long, stringy hair. ▶

The class began to snicker—much to my embarrassment. Mrs. Smith said that his long, flowing hair helped to set Jesus apart from the crowd and from his disciples. Well, I said that I felt that Jesus didn't need long hair to set him apart from others. I know what Jesus said and what he did and what he was that set him apart. And I'm afraid that Mrs. Smith didn't like what I said."

"Please don't stir up trouble, Ted. You must realize that this movie tells a story which is held holy by many people. We have to be careful what we say about it, especially in the church."

"That's the point! I don't want to stir up trouble. I just want to know what I can, and cannot, believe. How am I to know what Jesus was really like if I hear one thing about him here at home and see another thing about him at the movies, and then can't raise my honest questions in church"?

"Ted, I just don't want you to hurt anyone's feelings."

"But what about *my* feelings, Dad? Doesn't anyone care about us young people?"

"You're young yet, Son. Remember that Mrs. Smith has been teaching for many years. You must respect her age."

"Well, I'd respect her a lot more if she would listen to what some of the kids in our class are saying. We're all mixed up. We're only trying to find some answers to questions. She does all the talking. And when we do ask questions, we don't get answers. Some of the guys don't even believe in God. So what does Mrs. Smith say? She says that it's wrong to doubt there's a God. What's wrong with doubting, if a guy is trying to find answers to the *right* answers? And who's to say who's got the right answers? And can you name me a better place than the church to raise your doubts about religion and stuff like that? Don't you and Mother ever have doubts, Dad?"

"Well. . . ."

"Not even just once in a while?"

"Well—er . . . ah . . . yes, Ted. I guess we do."

"Great!" shouted Ted. "Wait till the minister hears this! And you're a member of the church council, too! And Mom is a nursery class teacher! Fine thing!"

"Now just one minute!" His father raised his hand in caution. "Everyone of us has doubts sometimes, but this doesn't mean we're not faithful. Doubting means asking questions. Questions can answers. Answers mean knowing more. That's the way we grow. And none of us should stop growing. I'm sure that even Mrs. Smith has her doubts. At least once in a while. But she probably feels that she shouldn't admit it in front of her students."

"I'd rather she would be honest about her doubts, Dad."

"Your mother tells me that this movie, *King of Kings*, has had some bad reviews."

"Then why jump on me for criticizing it?"

"I'm not jumping on you. It's just that we want you to be not only discriminating in your criticism, but concerned for those who disagree with. Is that all that happened on Sunday morning?"

"No, I'm afraid not. Mrs. Smith commented on how well Jeffrey Hunter delivered the Sermon on the Mount in the movie. She said it sounded just like someone standing in the pulpit and reciting it in hallowed tones directly from the Bible. And I stepped back, 'That's the trouble! It sounds too sweet and pious, real.'"

"And so that's why Mrs. Smith phoned me at the office today."

"I guess so, Dad. I just got excited. I'm sorry if I was unkind. I still think I'm right."

"Perhaps you are. No one knows what Christ really looked like. We can only guess. Through the ages artists have tried to capture the spirit of Christ on canvas, on stage, and with words. Hollywood, too, has made its attempts. Not wanting to offend anyone, the producers of *King of Kings* have taken the road of least resistance. After all, they are in a business to make money."

"But, Dad, they're playing with the lives of millions of people. This idea of Christ will be influenced by what they see in this movie. Everything seemed so unreal in that movie. Nobody seemed to be on fire, except Barabbas."

"The bad guy is always easier to portray than the good guy."

"But they missed the boat. I'd like to think that the most im-

portant thing that people would remember about Jesus' life was the love for others which he showed in his everyday contacts with people. In the person-to-person relationships portrayed in the movie, I did not see this kind of understanding and love in action. He just didn't seem real to me in the movie. If Christ is to mean anything to me, and to others, what he is must ring real in the hearts of all who would follow him."

"Those are big thoughts, Son."

"I've often wondered how Jesus Christ would answer some of my own personal problems. I really feel that if he were here today, he would reflect a love which none of us would quite understand. In fact, we might even misunderstand him. Perhaps we might even crucify him again. Anyway, I'm convinced that his way is the way of love, even though we who pretend to be his followers do not always live our life in love."

Ted's father sat in awe. Seldom had the two of them taken time to talk like this. Little did he realize how much his son had matured. Before he knew it, Ted would be off to college. Suddenly the thought of his son's going away—starting off on his own—became less fearsome.

"You know, Ted, what you say is true. And I think Mrs. Smith would agree with you." He hesitated a moment, then continued. "I've got a suggestion. Why don't you call on Mrs. Smith and chat with her? Tell her you're sorry you got upset in class last Sunday."

"That won't help!"

"Neither one of you has really given the other a chance. Tell her what you've just told me. How you're only trying to sharpen your understanding of Christ. After all, she's searching for understanding, too."

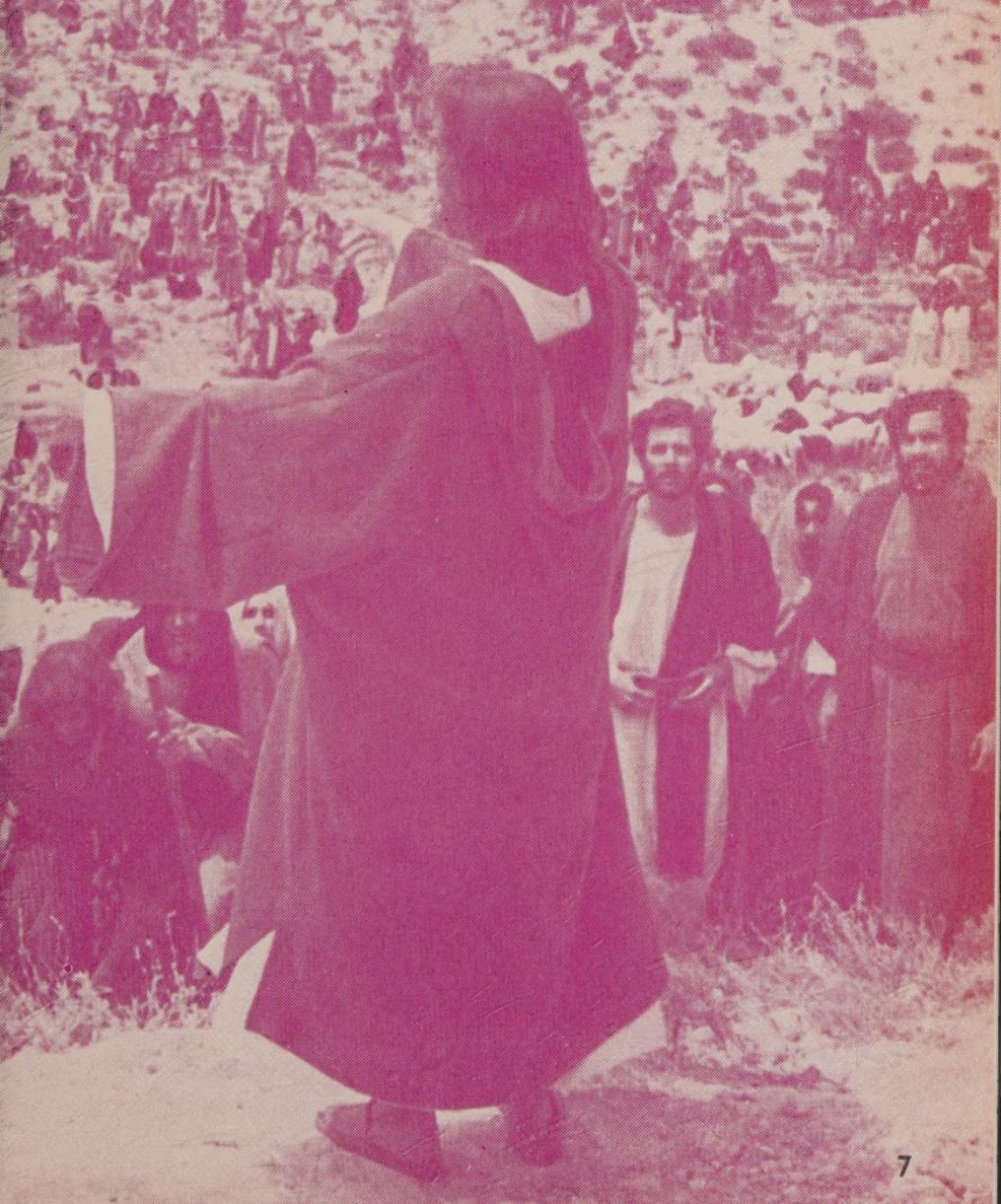
"But, Dad . . ."

A ringing bell interrupted. Ted's father got up. He went to the phone. He talked briefly. He returned.

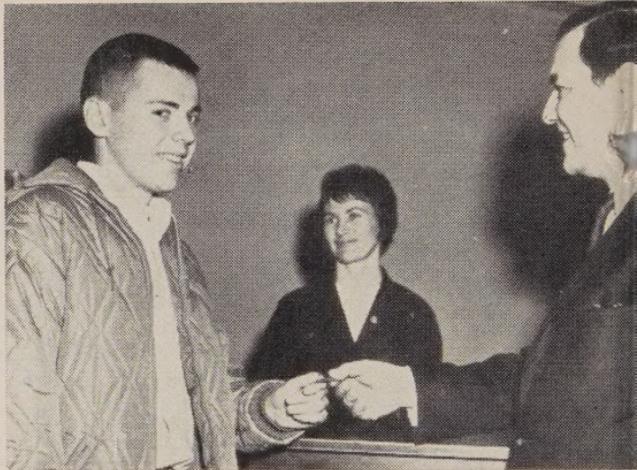
"It's Mrs. Smith on the phone. She wants to talk with you, Son."

"But, Dad, must I?" ▼▼▼

Jesus asked his disciples, "But who do you say that I am?" Simon Peter replied, "You are the Christ, the Son of the living God." And Jesus answered him, "Blessed are you, Simon Bar-Jona! For flesh and blood has not revealed this to you, but my Father who is in heaven."



What was intended to be a secret trip to the U.N. ended otherwise for John Edwards, 17, who was playing hooky from high school to make the visit. He was the millionth visitor this year to obtain a ticket for a tour of the U.N. Here John is pictured getting his ticket from Maurice Liu, chief of the visitor's service.



in youth the NEWS

Church-related students picket White House

Twenty-two students, the majority from Oberlin College, a United Church of Christ institution, spent Christmas Day picketing the White House to register their protest against resumption of nuclear testing in the atmosphere.

Some pickets carried a sign: "We Support Kennedy's Reluctance to Resume Testing." The Oberlin, O., students were accompanied by others representing schools in Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Illinois.

Demonstrations at the White House began Nov. 14 when students from Grinnell (Iowa) College protested atmospheric testing.

German girls may face compulsory welfare service

West German government circles are discussing the possibility and practicality of legislating compulsory service for girls to help relieve an acute and growing shortage of personnel in charitable, social and welfare institutions.

Some religious controversy has met this suggestion. A spokesman for the Roman Catholic Church upheld such compulsory service for girls as being as justifiable as military conscription of young men.

The Protestant Evangelical Youth movement in West Germany said that while such compulsory service would in fact provide the young girls with a knowledge of house-

ping and nursing, and ease the present shortage in these professions, would never be able to educate girls toward the necessary devotion and love of their fellowmen.

Moreover, the Protestant youth leaders said, such a measure would likely retard needed improvement of working conditions and pay.

To cope with the acute lack of welfare workers and deaconesses, the Protestant and Catholic Churches initiated a so-called Deaconine-Year project which involves recruiting volunteers to spend one year in hospitals and other charitable institutions operated by the churches. The young volunteers receive free board, pocket money and clothing allowance during their service. After receiving preliminary instructions in a deaconess training center, they are assigned to children's and old-age homes, nurseries, hospitals and welfare centers. More than 10,000 girls have volunteered for these projects thus

pected to attend, and the meeting will be followed by a mass Christian youth rally.

The main purpose of this national body will be to stimulate organization of additional youth groups in districts and churches and to provide a channel of communication between the Church and young people.

Through its Youth Commission, the United Church will provide a staff, advisory committee and finances for the new unity at the same time recognizing its autonomous nature.

Able students waste talents

From 20 to 30 per cent of the most able high school and college students are wasting their talents, a study by the U.S. Office of Education said recently.

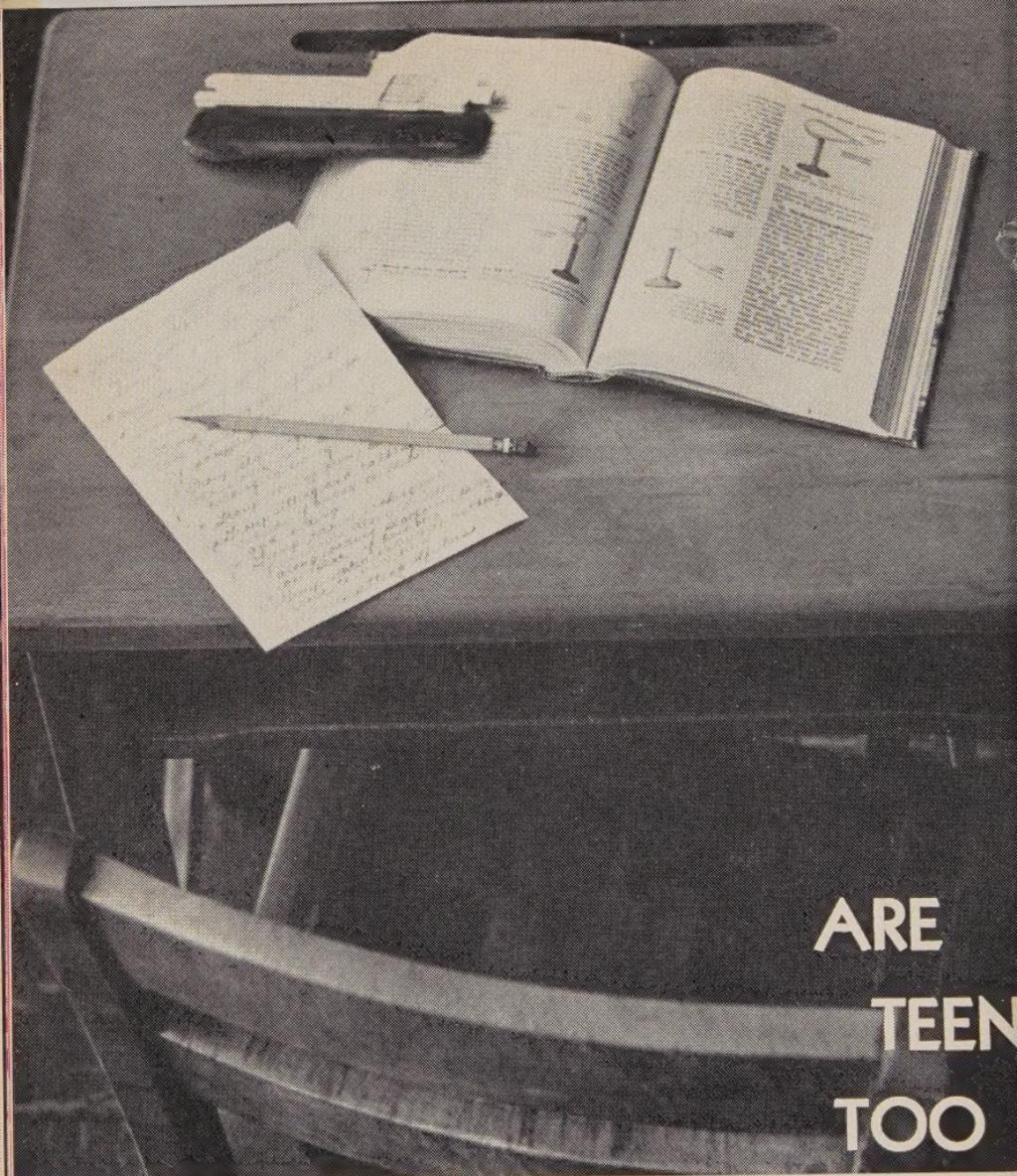
A culture that adores financial status, physical beauty, second-rate professional entertainment and the accumulation of material things creates an alien world for brilliant students."

The survey also blamed the family and schools for distorting in the child's mind the goals of education and for transmitting a society's set of values and its cultural heritage to a child. The brighter a student is, the more disturbing is the contrast between the implied ethic of his learning and the actual atmosphere of the school.

Japan's youth form United Church council

For the first time since its formation in 1941 the United Church of Christ in Japan will have a national youth organization in 1962. The denomination's National Christian Youth Council will be formed at a constituting convention in Tokyo, May 2-3.

More than 80 representatives of local youth groups are ex-



ARE
TEEN
TOO
HARD
ON
EGGHEADS

If so, why does such a feeling exist? What can teens do about it? If not, then why all the excitement about the mistreatment of the more intellectual students?

It is very difficult to answer this question, because I am not even certain as to what is meant by the term "egghead." If one means by term, an intellectual person, I would say that teens are not hard him or her. In fact, I think that the feeling towards the more intellectual set at Hilo High, the school attend, is one of admiration. As English instructor once explained to the class, during the 19th century and thereabouts, a student was embarrassed to show that he or she had any "gray matter," because the most popular student was the "student, who was very active in sports and other activities. But today, the most popular students are those who can keep good grades and to participate in many activities. I guess the teens in Hawaii feel that the more intellectual you are, the better person you can be.

Norman Yoshida, Hilo, Hawaii

All this excitement about the mistreatment of the more intellectual students is really unfair. We have a lot of very intellectual students at school but most of them are not treated. The reason? They participate in school activities. No one is a person who is always studying. Sometimes eggheads live in a world of their own where the only friends they have or want are books. Some people try to break into this world and be a friend, but after several unsuccessful tries, they give up and go find others who want to

be friends. If the intellectual students try to make friends, there are many friends to be made. But they must try as hard as anyone else.

Sharon Wilburn, Chicago, Ill.

The average teen with an average intelligence often feels inferior to a dominating superior student. Some of these "intellectuals" can be outstanding and superior, yet lower themselves to understand the ways of an average person, or at least respect his minor accomplishments. Therefore, I don't think an egghead is mistreated because he is an intellectual, but because of his relationships with the average person. If teens are too hard on eggheads, it is the fault of both sides involved. Neither will abandon his narrow-mindedness to really understand the other!

Carol Kley, Plymouth, Wisc.

Yes, teens are too hard on eggheads. There is an ever present element of jealousy because eggheads seem to rate higher with the teachers. Also, a bit of dislike, because if "Miss Egghead" didn't get such a high score on her papers, the balance of the class would be in a better bracket. Teens could try to be more considerate and think more kindly of the more intellectual student. Perhaps, someone should give "Miss Egghead" a rush so she wouldn't have so much time to study.

Lynn Hirschfeld, New Bremen, Ohio

In many cases teenagers are too hard on other teens who spend all of their time on schoolwork. This feeling probably exists because the young person who is so devoted to his studies often does not participate in the "accepted" teenage activities which supposedly make a young person "one of the crowd"! Certainly teenagers should not disrespect the intellectual; they should admire his self-discipline and intellectual curiosity. In many cases, all an egghead needs in order to become interested in other activities is a good loyal friend who represents the group of young people who sometimes reject him from their activities.

Paul Valliere, Longmeadow, Mass.

My definition of an "egghead" is one who has intelligence but no interest in anything else. In this case, eggheads are too hard on themselves, for they cut themselves off from the thing that makes a well-rounded person. Most of the intelligent students that I know are also the leaders, both in school and in church. They are the athletes, the cheerleaders, the editors, and the class officers. They are also the ones who get up in front of a group and give a prayer or lead singing or smoothly run a YF discussion or business meeting. We know that they are the ones who have many friends and are the good citizens of today and tomorrow.

Bobbi Wells, Des Moines, Iowa



Tom Ritchie III



Sharon Wilburn



Linda Hoeldeke

The model egghead has virtually disappeared from the scene today. More and more the intellectual student excels in athletics. The all-southern quarterback from our high school has a 4.2 average and is also a mainstay on the baseball and basketball squads. And he is not just an exception. The occasional "egghead" is usually someone who has no athletic ability and tries to hide himself in his studies. I feel the students who rib them are people who are too lazy to work and are actually jealous. I think we should analyze our feelings toward these people and try to improve ourselves. *Bob Winter, Miami, Fla.*

I believe teens are too hard on "eggheads." This feeling exists, I think, because the "eggheads" do not take time out from studying to do anything else; and the rest of us cannot see ourselves studying so much. I believe it is certainly wonderful to be conscious of your studies and make some grades, but to the extent that a person doesn't have some fun and friends.

Teens can help these intellectual students by trying out why they spend so much time studying. It could be because they're shy and cannot make friends easily or just don't know how to act in a group. After finding the reason they can help the person realize what he is missing by studying continually without relaxation.

Linda Hoeldeke, Waco, Tex. ▶



Carol Kley



Bob Winter



Norman Yoshida



Mary Ellen Ward



Lynn Hirschfield



Bobbi Wells

I guess I myself am considered a member of the Fraternal Order of Eggheads. Because of this, I often find myself the object of ridicule and distaste. My friends, to whom studying is something to do when there's nothing more exciting available, often look down on me and offer sarcastic remarks when I refuse an invitation to "rot around," waste time, and get an undesirable reputation.

I think this negative approach to intellectualism is mainly due to jealousy. People resent authority and superiority; therefore, they make fun of those who really *want* to learn and are willing to work for it.

There isn't too much that teens can do to combat this negative attitude, except to try to create greater respect for our more intellectual students. Those students who are intellectual students should not spend all their time with books, but should join a few more social organizations to show that they are human.

Mary Ellen Ward, Newaygo, Michigan

Teens can be rude and thoughtless, there is no doubt about that. True, the "eggheads" do come in for some rough treatment. However, many people who fall into this class do not help themselves. They refuse to meet people halfway. There will always be the "rude" group. But the thing that must be remembered by all "eggheads" is that there are



Ron Tammen



Pam Shockley



Paul Valliere

countless numbers who want to be their friend if they will just help. Social shyness does not affect just "one" group.

Pamela Shockley, Drummond, Okla.

Every person excels in some area. He shows his superiority in his field by being further advanced than others of his age. Because of this, he is actually separated from other members of his group. So it is with those who are extremely smart. They excel in the classroom, sometimes hurting them outside of class. Teenagers, I believe, recognize that everyone has his own characteristics and basically don't persecute them for it. The egghead is simply in the same position as the star basketball player, but in a different field. I think we all realize this and accept it as the "gifts of differing measure" we all have.

Ron Tammen, Portland, Ore.

Teens are only too hard on those who have the "egghead" attitude. The people who *feel* they are mentally superior, whether they are or not, are the ones that everybody is hard on, not just teens. Think of all the intelligent people there are who are well-liked and respected, mainly because they do not take advantage of their gift to make others seem inferior. Nobody is apt to like a person who puts himself on a plane above others.

Tom Ritchie III, Greenbelt, Md.

Tastes just



HOW TO BE YOURSELF...

Mommy used to make.

Every day dozens of lovelorn columnists tell thousands of readers to "be yourself"—that magic something guaranteed to help you get your girl or a job or both. (And of course, if it does nothing else, being yourself will at least make you unique.)

Several years ago some bright person figured this out for himself and decided to be an "individual." He wanted to be different from everybody on earth. He refused to shave or take a bath; he let his hair grow long between haircuts; he wore a black sweater; he drank scads and scads of coffee. So far so good.

But then a lot of other people decided *they* wanted to be different *too*, so they all bought black sweaters and refused to take baths and drank scads and scads of coffee. That took real ingenuity, that did!

So what is a sure-fire way to "be yourself"? From a purely objective point of view, this would seem a ridiculously easy thing to do. Who else *can* you be? What the columnists are really saying, of course, is "quit trying to look and act like somebody else." To be yourself you have to want to be a *you*, not an imitation of another person. You

...WITHOUT HALF TRYING



HOW TO BE YOURSELF WITHOUT HALF TRYING



have to be absolutely honest with yourself about what *you* like and dislike. Once you've done that, you have to be honest about it with other people.

A college freshman told me about his visit to a sorority house recently. He recalled, with a shudder, that every girl had on a big shaggy sweater. Every girl had a stuffed dog in her arms, and every girl said, with an Ipana smile, that college was "loads and loads of fun." When the big homecoming game arrived, this fellow escorted a girl from his home town who'd never heard of sororities or stuffed dogs or shaggy sweaters, and she didn't smile unless she felt like it.

A couple I know, now married, had gone through four years of high school together before they realized they had anything in common. It wasn't until later, at a class reunion, when each had grown up enough to talk about what really interested him that they felt attracted to one another.

"I used to think Mike was a drip," Nancy said. "I was interested in plays and classical music, and he was always racing around town in his souped-up car with a bunch of fellows I wouldn't have looked at twice. Yet all that time he was going to Chicago on weekends to hear the symphony, and never talked about it once."

Mike said, "I would have given my right arm to date Nancy. But the other guys seemed popular with all the girls, so I figured I could leave

ething by hanging around with them. Think of all the things Nan and I could have enjoyed together if I'd just been myself."

Unfortunately, like two ships that pass in the night, most people who are their real selves go all their lives missing people who share similar interests, just because they are parading as someone else.

A good rule to follow, if you want friends who like what you like, is to look where you'd expect to find them. This sounds almost too obvious, but many young people still pal around with a crowd that share almost none of their interests, rather than do some exploring in new places with new people.

The second lesson in being yourself, is to accept a self with faults attached. You don't have to be Pollyanna about it. You don't have to say, "You wear the largest shoe size in the store, that big feet promote good posture. Or if you have a tapeworm in your duodenum, you don't have to say that it's going to be such a comfort to you in your old age."

Other people are going to look at your quirks and irregularities in exactly the same light that you look at them. If you have a cold sore on your lip on the night of the senior banquet and you dryly remark that it's a family heirloom you wear on special occasions, the others will remember kindly for having entertained them. But if you are constantly pulling your compact and staring at your mouth, you'll have everybody else staring at it too. And if you creep around the room with a napkin over your mouth, the others will suspect you of spreading the bubonic plague.

No person wants to go out with a date who's perfect, because he knows it's not. Everyone has a mole where it shouldn't be or a couple pounds too much or too many or a nose or an ear or an elbow that might be improved upon. So what? That's what makes them *them*, and you *you*.

Build up your good points and accept the bad. If you can't change the bad points, ignore them, and if you can't ignore them, laugh at them.

Don't be afraid to like what you like, regardless of how different it may seem. But please, *please* don't be different just to be different—because you won't be. The true individualist doesn't have to think up odd mannerisms or peculiarities or styles to attract attention.

Remember that some day in the future, some bright beatnik is going to decide to be a nonconformist, and he's going to take a bath and put on a suit and drink buttermilk or something. And when that day arrives, water prices will soar, necktie manufacturers will grow rich, and buttermilk will become the national drink, because all the other beatniks will want to be different too. —PHYLLIS REYNOLDS TEDESCO



THE HYMNAL*

First Verse

Second Verse

Third Verse

Fourth Verse

touch & go

Vocations Program Helps

I would like to share with you and YOUTH Magazine a Youth Fellowship program that we present on our last meeting. The theme for the evening was "To the Land of Vocations." We invited special guests which included a principal teacher, a high school guidance counselor, a policeman, an accountant, and a dancing instructor. The guests gave talks on their occupations after which we had a question and answer period. This program seemed to touch some of our "flame out" members and provided each and everyone with a thought for the future.

—*Linda Lefler*
Rockwell, N.Y.

Informative, Candid Articles

Since I have been acquainted with YOUTH, I have been very pleased with the nature of its articles. YOUTH is one of the magazines that seeks to reach young people with informative, candid articles. I consider your recent article about preparing for taking exams one of real excellence. It was easy to see that YOUTH is sincerely concerned about the problems and activities of its readers.

—*Hubie Young*
Suffolk, Va.

may we quote you?

We must have respect for both our plumbers and our philosophers or neither our pipes or our theories will hold water.

—John Gardner

I think breakfast so pleasant because no one is conceited before one o'clock. —Sydney Smith

Didja hear about the wonderful island they've just found in the South Pacific? There are no axes, unemployment, crime, police, beggars, disease, divorces, wars, arguments — or inhabitants! —Howie Lassetter

the next 25 years:

All armies will be abolished, and there will be no more wars. The life-span of man will reach 100 years. —David Ben-Gurion

Nations will be grouped into supranational communities.

—Konrad Adenauer

A union will come to exist between the West and the East.

—Luis Muños Marín

Parents will start bringing up their children, rather than vice-versa. —Will Durant

We are going to live in danger from here on. —Arnold Toynbee

The world will blush with shame to recall that, three decades earlier, a human being was graded by the color of his skin. —Martin Luther King, Jr.

The life of our people (in 1987) will be profoundly affected by what we do now.

—John K. Kennedy

COVER



STORY

Walk into a city. Look at the neon lights; the tall buildings, the rushing people. Walk into a city slum. See the filth and fear, the ignorance, the hopelessness. Walk into your own city. How does it compare? Are there slums? Rushing robots who do not care? Walk into life—in your city, in any city—in the world. Become aware of yourself. Sense the poverty of rushing people; help them become aware. Then walk together into life's problems—aware.

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AUTHORS: Phyllis Reynolds Tedesco, author of "How to Be Yourself," is a free-lance artist from Tacoma Park, Md.; quotes (22-29) from teens who attended the seminar; Carol Buck, member of the Washington-U.N. Seminar and high school student in Glencoe, Ill.

There are conferences on human rights—seminars on humans—work camps in which one may visit the slums—movies of people who are starving and dying. These are for you. They exist to help you go beyond the statistic—to know and really feel responsible for the state in which so much of the human family dwells.

The American Friends Service Committee has been promoting high school seminars for a number of years. The one featured here began on Capitol Hill in Washington, D.C., and moved later to the United Nations in New York. The students interviewed legislators, diplomats, newsmen and others on crucial national and international issues. In New York the group lived in East Harlem, a Puerto Rican section. Teen-agers from the neighborhood visited their meetings and invited seminar members into their homes. For many, this intense, crowded week was their first experience in living closely with persons of other races and religions; their first penetrating encounter with the problems of this world.

BROTHERHOOD BEGINS WITH



Why we came/ I came because in other conferences I have found a field of interest—what we can do to help others and to understand better what we are trying to help. I'm concerned with the draft—the fears that drive people apart—what are they and what can be done with them. I want to know about them because people are afraid to speak, because of ignorance and fear.

I've tried sitting around thinking. I want to know what to do!

Before we can hope to solve foreign relations we have to solve our own problems, including the race problem. I think our generation has to



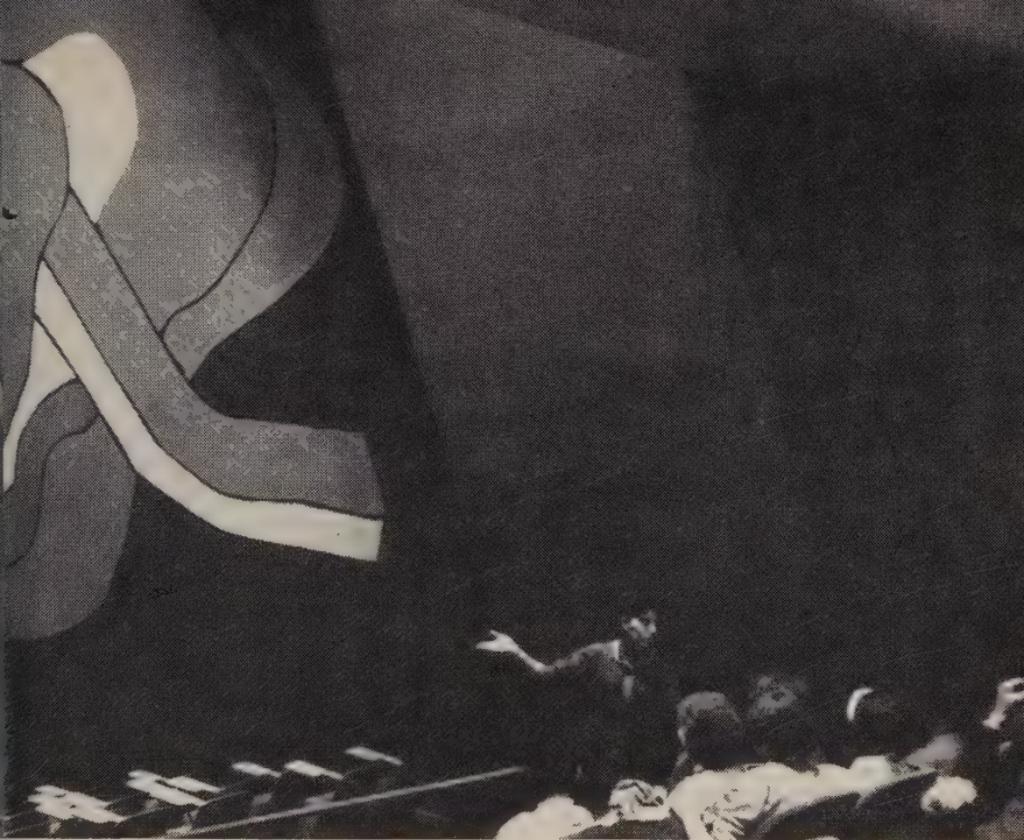
Even if we know that people are hostile to an idea, I think that thing we can do to better the situation will help.

searching within myself for what I am going to do. I have to take place in a community. What will it be—what is my role and what on must I take? It's hard to do.

to observe others and find out about their problems—to see if I apply their solutions to my community. I'm puzzled by increasing petitive conflict between nations—how can it be lessened—why not friendly fashion? ▶

Encounter/ I have seen a half-brotherhood—one in which society attempts to alleviate total prejudice and intolerance by temporarily softening the seriousness of such a problem. It's as the question raised during the seminar, "How many sides are there to freedom?" There is only much time allowed on earth, and how one wastes it! We are born, a





re of life intervenes, and we die. Why couldn't we live this space true brotherhood, rather than to exist in a society where so many members think more of the number of zeros behind a dollar sign than the number of men killed in a war or of the number of unhappy, reated persons. It hurts me very badly to see a little child enter a ety which will instill prejudices and an intolerant attitude in him re he has a chance to develop a love for other people. Isn't there ast one in every ten people who not only thinks, but dares to live life as his brother's keeper?

n't know if I learned a great deal about communism in the seminar I hadn't known before, but somehow I feel this isn't the most rtant thing. It's the fact that I realize how intensely complicated world situation is. For the first time in my life, I tried to take things it their face value, but to read behind the lines.



Awareness / As always, the seminar was a refreshing, lifting, yet soul searching experience; I wouldn't trade it for anything in the world. You told us of the experience of the Negro friend of yours who traveled to Europe. He said that the most significant part of his trip was returning to New York, seeing the Statue of Liberty and remembering that his skin was brown. It was queer feeling for me, too, to hear the conductor call "Next stop, Richmond!" I felt as if my entire inner being were being submerged into an inkwell. It wasn't the fact that I am Negro that was so depressing, but the aspects of being a southern Negro. Being at the seminar was almost like being in Europe. There was wonderful awareness that I am a Negro—to be recognized as being different on the outside, but equally human and just like the next guy on the inside.

The whole seminar was a significant experience, but the most significant were the two sessions at the U.N. They took me out of myself and my own narrow world.

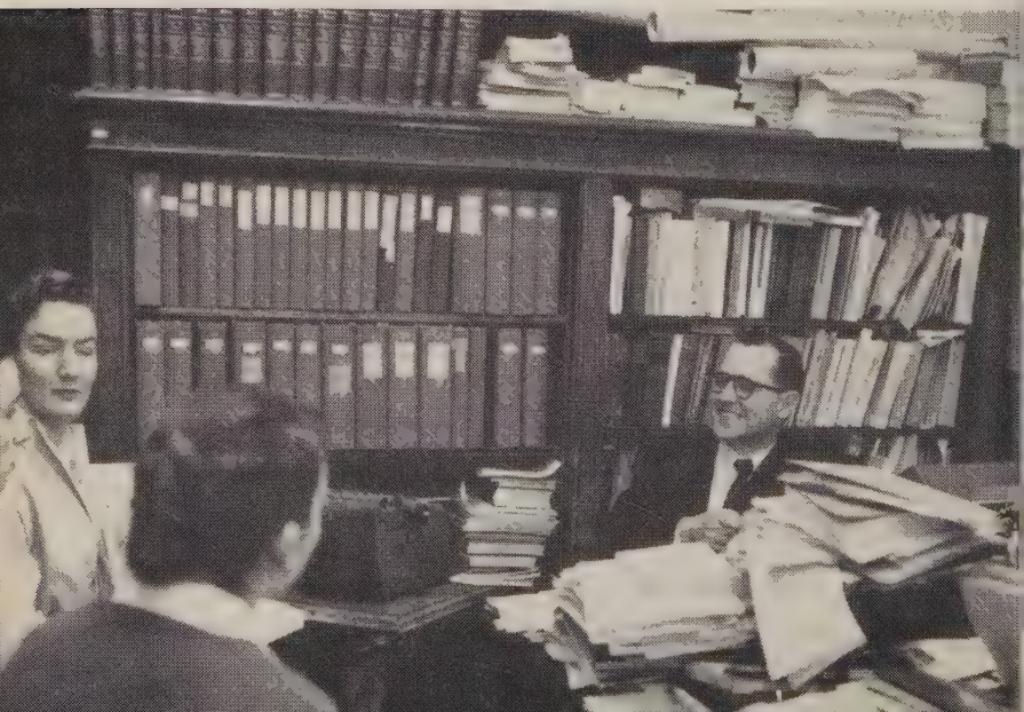
Hate—we have to get it out of the individual, since wars begin in the minds of men.



Afterwar ls/ At the end of the seminar we were all excited to get home to start things, to achieve things. As my part I wrote two compositions talked to my classmates and spoke on the radio. This was doing nothing. I realize now that it has to come from within me, not from the tip of my tongue. Before when I thought of peace and disarmament happening I always looked around me at families that didn't get along. How could I expect mankind, an infinitely larger group, to do this? Tonight I began looking at myself instead of others. I was so disappointed! Was I any superior to the rest? I have not even extended enough love to my own family. I am afraid I have made my life like tangled embroidery. I know I must change somehow. Will it come consciously or unconsciously?

I'm going to have to meet the problem of apathy as it occurs. I think the important thing is that we do tell people that there is a similarity, and a very strong one, between some of the problems that we have in our own communities and those we've found in East Harlem. And, also, that each problem is not something foreign that you can't touch, that's intangible. It's alive and it's people, and they're working, they're living, they're playing.

I feel that it's the responsibility of every one of us to inform our legislators through letters or whatever means we may use that we are





miliar with the problems, that we definitely feel that something should be done about them. We must give speeches, write editorials, prod local citizens' groups into action about local problems.

I think you try to relate seminar revelations about the U.N., the state of the world, possibilities for pacifism, life in East Harlem, to something which people are aware. Relate it when you're sitting in a coffee shop by asking someone if he's ever seen anyone of a different skin color sitting next to him. Relate it to just walking or riding on a bus or going swimming at the beach. You can find something to which people will react in some way.

After the seminar I came home to California where it is warm and beautiful; where there are no rats in my bedroom or trains overhead; where there are no yards full of garbage. When my mother told me to close the bathroom door so that we didn't have to see it, I ached inside at being fortunate enough to have a bathroom . . . I ache at the excess which I have and do not know how to share. I must keep this ache alive in order to change, and I must transplant this ache to others. This is the job given me by the people of East Harlem, the Congress, the embassies, the subway and just the people in the street. ▼▼▼

Love. What can be more wonderful, sad, yellow, red, warm, light, overflowing, bursting out, spreading, spreading, everywhere?

Miguel, brownbeautiful, toughshy, Puerto Rican—living in the streets, tired, dirty, rushing like a whirlwind to ME—throwing himself on my lap, placing a bite kiss on my ear, whispers, “I love you, amiga.” Red, his dirty, glowing face, quick his running feet. He slams the door and goes into the dark, horrible Harlem streets to find a place to sleep. Oh, how I love that little boy! And how I hate, *hate* his having to sleep in a cold nightmarish void. I smiled at the closed door through my tears.

Brownbitter, beautifulbright, Austin Texas Joan, sitting on the floor in front of me as I rub her tired shoulders, sends her soft, sad, singing, soulvoice up to me. “If only you could know, Carol, how it feels to sit with white people at dinner and sleep in the same room with them, to walk down the street with them, to *love* them.” She reaches up and squeezes my hand—white and brown, harmony, love, foreverfriends. Why, why, *why* is she different? She’s not. She’s not. She’s *not!*

Up, up, up, trudging to the top; up stairs filthy, through halls dark. Hopeless black, under darkbulb glaring mad—a door is there, *there* right in front of us. Knock, knock. Footsteps beyond. No, no! Don’t open the door. I don’t want to see. Please, God, no. A woman stands in front of us. What is she saying? What are we saying? I don’t know. My eyes are caught, captured by despair—five children, one bed, still, silent, staring. Dirty, diseased, can’t they cry, laugh, play, *move*? If, if, if I could just push away the dirty prisonwalls and show them greengrass, trees tall, bluebright sky and flowers. I want them to learn how to smile, laugh, love.

Juan, grinning, snapping his fingers to hide his fear, living with nine others in two rooms, takes my hand and we run to see—what? A yellow daffodil, sunbright, glowing, behind a tall, terrible, towering tenement. The flower is a sun, shining in the shadow of neglect. Juan pulls it out of the dirty black and with his gentle, rough hands gives the sun to me. His blue eyes smile. “This is for you because you want to help us.” My heart sings and I want the sun in my hands to become brighter and set fire to the heart of the Blind Man who rides the train every night over the stinking, rotten slums and buries his nose further in his paper and never looks out the window.

*The Meaning of Being at Projects House in East Harlem
An English Theme by Carol Buck of Glencoe, Ill.*

